

THE MOCK ORANGE BRIDGE WHIST CLUB.

By Grinnan Barrett.

"If you," said Mrs. Oliver Quiver, vice-president of the Mock Orange (N.Y.) Bridge Whist Club, "yes, people talk and talk about the weather, but nobody does anything. Really, things have reached such a pass, it seems to me, the authorities of the Commercial Club ought to take steps. Why, it's getting so you can't believe a word the Weather Bureau says. Weather Bureau, indeed! They ought to call it a stationary platform after the way it poured down yesterday afternoon! And me with my new things on too!"

"You know yourself how lovely it's been all week, with the crocuses and the spring onions and everything coming out. And, anyhow, I was just dying for a chance to wear my new taffeta princess with the lace yoke and the lace insertion. It fit me perfectly, my dear—not a wrinkle, and so tight I hardly dared to sit down in it—and my new French-shape hat. You should have seen that hat—not much bigger than your hand and a splendid bargain. It cost thirty-four dollars, or, rather, it was marked thirty-four in the shop, but because it was me Mme. de Ruffery let me have it for twenty-nine fifty. No, I didn't have any ostrich tips in it. You know, I've joined the Audubon Bird-Lovers' Society, and we are all pledged not to cause needless suffering to any dumb creature. So, of course I couldn't wear tips because it must be great suffering to an ostrich to have all its feathers pulled out, unless they gave him chloroform, and I never heard of giving an ostrich chloroform. Instead of ostrich tips, I just had two white aigrettes, because everybody knows losing a little thing like an aigrette couldn't cause a bird any real suffering."

"And so when the weather prediction came out yesterday afternoon and said it was going to be continued fair and warm, just like a serial story, why, right straight I decided to just put on my new princess and my new French shape and dazzle those other women."

"But I hadn't any more than started before it turned bitter cold. I almost froze. By the time I got to Mrs. Putnam Asunda's it was raining and snowing in a perfectly disgusting manner. Positively, I never was as cold in my life. My nose was as red as a beet, and from the way it felt when I touched it it might have been a perfect stranger's nose. Those beautiful aigrettes got damp and lost all their curl and straightened out limp like rooster feathers. And I was miserably than ever when I walked into Mrs. Putnam Asunda's and saw all the other members sitting up in heavy winter clothes. I'm sure they dressed that way just to spite me. And Mrs. Asunda—the mean, spiteful, malicious piece—told the maid to turn the gas logs up higher and offered to loan me a breakfast shawl that belonged to her mother to put around my shoulders while I was playing!"

"But I promise you I got even with her before the afternoon was over—trust me for that. Everybody who knows me knows that I have a splendid disposition, but even the rolling stone will turn when trod upon, and here's the way I paid her back. She had the skimpiest little old luncheon you ever saw in your life. The sandwiches were cut so thin and the slices of tongue in them were so tiny that when you opened your sandwich the piece that had the tongue on it looked like the ace of hearts."

"So when there was a lull I turned to Mrs. Gabalong and said out loud and clear so everybody could hear:

"My dear, I'm sure this luncheon will suit you since you are banting to reduce your weight!"

HAPPY DREAMS. By F. G. Long.



In and Out of the Theatres

JUDGING by the voices which a Proctor Joan of Arc is bearing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, angels are flying very close to earth these days. An enterprising trapper might be able to catch one or two of them by sprinkling angel food at Broadway and Twenty-eighth street. The wonder is that Miss Amelia Bingham is the only one of the "all-star players" who hears them, for they're the loudest angels that have struck the Rialto in many a day.

Miss Bingham is a good listener. Every time the angels tuned up last night her face wore a rapt expression. The calcium man did his best to help her, but there were moments when she seemed to ask, "Is my halo on straight?" A note on the programme said that the millinery used by Miss Bingham was furnished by a Ninth street dealer, so perhaps he, and not the calcium man, was to blame. At any rate, her millinery so far as we could see consisted of a misty halo and a bright, natty helmet. She looked very nice in her new spring armor, and it was a comfort to see her out of tight-fitting gowns for once.

Miss Bingham was a mild and sweet Joan, and she was as generous as the light that bathed her. Love me, love my horse! seemed to be her message to the audience when she brought out her white steed to share a curtain call. This weighty Joan astride her horse is one of many pictures that the performance offers. The play, "compelled from fact, fiction and history by Lawrence Johnston and R. E. H. Caen" (emphasize if you can't pronounce it), is a series of tableaux. The production is a creditable one, almost amazing, in fact, when you stop to consider that this company puts on a different play each week. While Miss Bingham scarcely rises to the visionary heights of the role, her acting is for the most part sincere and in a large degree free from the affectation that so often mars her work.

Last night's audience was not disposed to take the play seriously until it saw Joan at the stake with red paper flames leaping about her and the lamentations of the good people of Rouen rising still higher. One woman was heard to remark as she shuddered into her wraps, "Well, anyway, that's a hot finish!"

ADDITIONAL volunteers for the annual vaudeville benefit for the Actors' Fund at the Academy of Music next Sunday night, the proceeds of which will be forwarded to San Francisco to be used in alleviating distress among members of the theatrical profession there, include Lillian Russell, "Silvers," Junie McCree, Billy Clark, and others.

CHARLES DARTON.

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN
Edited by Nixola Greeley Smith

HUSBANDS WITH 10 CENTS A WEEK

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

JOHN JENDRICH has been sentenced by a Chicago Court to turn over his entire weekly salary of \$18 to his wife with the exception of one lone little dime which he will be permitted to squander on his personal needs.

John doubtless considers this judicial interference in his personal affairs most unwarrantable, and viewed from the angle of strict equity it is. Nevertheless it is probably the best thing that ever happened to John. For it will immediately divorce him from that sweetest, most clinging of human errors, the notion that he owns himself or any portion thereof.

Sometimes in our wildest imaginings, when our ears are deafened momentarily to the music of our chains and we feel only their galling slavery, come visions of a nice little dandy band all our own, with a very high stone wall about it and inside absolutely no one but ourselves; no deadly hour at which we have to get up; no tortured quarter hour before it in which we hope that another miracle may cause the sun or the clock to stand still; nobody to call to make or submit to; no jokes we have to laugh at; whether they are funny or not; no one we are obliged to listen to, no matter how much they bore us; in short, a wild sweet waste of glorious liberty. And then the postman's white cuts sharply through our dream; we wake from it to hope he brought a letter from one best loved, and a maid hands us the gas bill.

John Jendrich, of Chicago, should rejoice. He has ten cents to spend at his own sweet will, and perhaps his spouse will considerably refrain from asking how he is squandering it, thereby taking the bread out of his children's mouths, even if he fails to give an accounting of it.

People who have no money, or very little money, have dreams, the divinest heritage of the poor. This little factory girl scraping and saving for one Christmas frock, which she proudly exhibits to her best young man, gurgling delightedly at his admiration, is far happier in it than the girl who orders her gowns by the dozen and so misses all the hope and fear and fine triumph of them.

People spend their lives dreaming of trips to Europe or the Orient, and year by year add a little to the horde wrong from their meagre incomes that is to make the dream a reality. And when the moment of realization comes they absorb all its wonderful possibilities as those to whom from frequent repetition the same goal means about as much as a ferry passage to Brooklyn or Staten Island may never hope to.

Poverty gives us dreams, and dreams happiness. John Jendrich with his weekly ten cents in his pocket can dream now about a fifteen-cent cigar, a gin rickey, a whiskey straight or any other delectable thing that it takes more than ten cents to purchase. And then he can squander the ten cents on the evening papers. Happy man!

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Cure for Freckles.

BELLA—Freckles are caused by the action of sun and wind on the delicate skin of the face. Here is a remedy for them: Lull water, 1 pint; lavender water, 1 pint; glycerine, 1/2 ounce; salicylic acid, 1/2 ounce; salicylic acid, 1/2 ounce; salicylic acid, 1/2 ounce. Apply night and morning.

To Darken Eyelashes.

DOT—I would first increase the growth of the eyelashes with this eye ointment and eyelash grower: Cologne, 2 ounces; glycerine, 1/2 ounce; fluid extract of jaborandi, 2 drams. Agitate ingredients till thoroughly incorporated. Apply to the eyebrows with the brush and to the lashes with a tiny camel's hair paint brush. The brush

must be freed from any drop and passed lightly along the edge of the eyelids, exercising extreme care that no minute portion of the lotion touches the eye itself. You may change the color of the lashes with the colored postal cream: Gum arabic, 1 dram; India ink, 1/2 dram; rose water, 4 ounces. Powder the ink and gum and triturate small quantities of the powder with the rose water until you get a uniform black liquid in a powder, and add the remainder of the rose water to it. It should be applied with a very tiny camel's-hair brush.

Stain from Collars.

NEWARK KATIE—Try this formula to remove stains on the neck caused by high collars: Take fresh strained cucumber juice, boil it for five minutes, and for every five ounces of juice add: Pulverized borax, 1/2 ounce; acetate of soda, 50 grains; stearate of quinine, 2 1/2 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 4 drams; rose water, 1 pint. Mix thoroughly and apply two or three times a day until the stain is removed.

WHEN A MAN'S IN LOVE.



SOME WOMEN.

By Helen Stilwell.

(Apologies to Kipling.)
SOME women, in their blindness, bow down to silk an' lace. An' nearly all their thoughts a day pertain to shape and face. Some keep their houses awful, an' leave things all about. The cook can't clean things up a bit, for afterwards she's out.

All along o' vanity, all along o' dress. All along o' don't things rather more nor less. Can't they let their pretenses an' man-icurin' go—And try to keep that small flat and the meals just so?

The country bride is laughy—she hails from Gawd knows where. An' when she comes to live in town there's nothing too good there! Her husband (a hard-workin' clerk) spends all he makes an' more. An' then up comes the boss one day an' kicks him out the door.

Then she turns in an' helps him an' shoves him straight again. An' learns to go without the things that only make her vain. She does the work there is no cook, she'd rather work than not. And when he comes home, tired to death, he finds the coffee hot. An' when he gets another job an' thinks are gain' well. She doesn't try of all the females "round to be the belle; She's learned by sad experience (there is no other way) That none can feel like Astorblits on three ones a day. All along o' lessons learned, all along o' sense; Too bad it must be pounded in at such a great expense. Why can't they let their silly airs an' foolish notions go. An' start in levin' on the square, with things just so?

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 134, New York.

Meddlesome Friend.

Dear Betty: I have called on a friend for about two weeks steady until about two weeks ago. Just before Christmas I was in her employ come and board with her and we became very good friends. We often exchanged postal cards. She had her house full of people from her house. A friend of mine told me I must not go there any more, as people were saying I was going to visit the young man. Must I stop visit-



ing the lady of whom I think a great deal because her nephew lives here? J. M. K. Certainly not. Pay no attention to malicious people. Shall He Win Her? Dear Betty: I was to a party the other night, and there I met several girls, one of whom I took a fancy to right away. Her fellow was also there, but when I talked to her she listened very

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Sandwiches in Cream Sauce.
SANDWICHES left over are not usually very inviting, but they may be made so by this method: Warm them slightly in the oven, and to every three sandwiches made from chicken, veal or tongue, make a white sauce with one tablespoonful of butter, one of flour, and half teaspoon of salt. A dash of pepper and a cupful of milk, cooked until thick; then add the yolks of one egg well beaten; pour this over the sandwiches and serve at once.

Ham Patties.
TWO cupfuls cold minced ham, one of bread crumbs moistened with milk. Mix and put into buttered gem pans. Break an egg over each, sprinkle the top with bread crumbs and bake till nicely browned.

Bouilli.
ONE quart meat, minced fine, add anchovy cut into bits, season highly with cloves, salt and pepper. Rub inside of mold with garlic, line with sprigs of parsley and pack in the meat. Moisten with meat stock; press, set in

ice. Unmold and garnish with parsley. This bouilli baked with strained tomato juice while baking can be made into a delicious luncheon dish. Cooked olives may replace the anchovy.

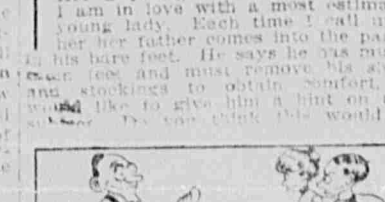
Mutton Scallop.
TWO cupfuls of finely chopped meat, one cupful of tomato sauce, one-half cupful of bread crumbs, one-half cupful of butter. Melt the butter, add the meat and stir well. They are thoroughly cooked. Season the meat with salt, pepper and a few drops of onion juice. Fill a greased baking dish with alternate layers of the meat, sauce and bread crumbs, covering the top with crumbs. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Cream Hash.
CHOP mutton, veal or beef fine, fry for a few moments in salt pork drippings. Take from the fire and in the same pan make a rich gravy of cream, if possible, if not thicken milk with cornstarch and a piece of butter. Pour half of the gravy into a pan over the fire, thin it with hot water, dip in it slices of well-browned toast, lay the toast on a flat dish. Put in a warm place. Into the thick cream gravy put the minced meat. Cook it five minutes, then spread on the toast.

same age. She asked me to call on her. Would you do so? INTERESTED.

Why not? All is fair in love, you know.

A Bare-Foot Parent.
Dear Betty: I am a young man of twenty-eight. I am in love with a most estimable young lady. Each time I call upon her her father comes into the parlor to her feet. He says he is a rustic, but he is not. He is a very nice man, and I am sure he will be a good father to me. I would like to give him a hint on this point. Can you help me?



power, as I have no means to induce either the young lady or her father. You will have to see the young lady away from home if you object to her father's eccentricities.

LETTERS from the PEOPLE ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

Husbands and Wives.

To the Editor of the Evening World: In reply to "Bachelor of Thirty-two," who complains that women are incompetent as housekeepers and often gad about and fail to get supper on time, let me say that it's not supper which is troubling many husbands. They have money to leave in scinnis on their way home, but none to buy a meal in a lunch wagon. Second, our grandmothers were good cooks, made butter and their old men's clothes beside their own, yet often they were deserted by their husbands just as the women of to-day are who can do the same kind of work nowadays.

Mrs. JAMES Pemberton, Conn.

Nautical Readers, Ahoy!
To the Editor of the Evening World: Off Twenty-third street, in the North River, is a long white spar buoy. It occasionally disappears for days, to reappear again, apparently always in the

same location. Can any nautical reader or riverman tell me what its purpose is and why it disappears and reappearing? IGNORANTUS, Holoken, N. J.

Complaints of Dirty Streets.
To the Editor of the Evening World: Can't some one stir up our Department of Street Cleaning as to the filthy condition of Grand street, Jersey City? Streets are already beginning to imagine that Vesuvius has blown some of her dust and ashes over Grand street. The dust raised by the swirling troleys is something awful, and as we come down town mornings it gives us the idea that we are running away from a volcano, and if the city steps to let off a passenger it's something awful. R. M. Jersey City.

Yes.
To the Editor of the Evening World: Is a lady justified in objecting to a gentleman's smoking cigarettes while walking with her? R. R.

May Manton's Daily Fashions



Fancy Yoke Blouse—Pattern No. 5348.